

CHATS AND SKETCHES

About Town and Elsewhere.

CECIL RHODES' HYMN.

"Who is Cecil Rhodes and what did he do?"

There was the words maw. Hurled at paw when he was Eatin' Breakfast yesterday mornin'.

"Well," paw says, "I'll tell you. I always like to incurrance people what ast about it when they Don't no things. That's the trouble with so many folks. They set around and Don't ast becoz they are afraid they mite Git Looked Down on, and so they Go thru Life without Findin' out Lots they wish they new and that they o' no."

"Did you ever ast enybuddy enything?" little abert says.

Paw looked over the Top of his glasses at him fer about a minit, but little abert give the best Immutashen of a nimmout lam I ever seen and Bit off another Lnk of sossidge, so paw went on:

"What was that you ast me about? Oh, yes, Cecil Rhodes. He's the richest man in South Africa; but he wouldn't be if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?" paw ast.

"He can't git out," paw says. "They got him surrounded. They say he owns a Bushel of diamonds, and when the naber's chickens git to scratchen in His garden he throws gold nuggets at them if they ain't enything Else handy. People often wonder why a Purson with all His munny want to Live away over there around the corner from the world's back door, when He could Return to His native Land and mingle with the Ritches brewers in England if he wanted to. But you see if he would do that him and J. Peerpont Morgan would be on the same side of the earth, and they wouldn't be enything to keep it from tippin' up."

"I read somewhere the other day," paw says, "that he is a preacher's son."

"Yes," paw anserd, "and that only goes to Sho they are a good deal of truth about the old sayin' that preachers have the worst Boys on erth. I often think I was cut out for a preacher if my family are enny sine. Cecil pretends to be off pius, and has a Favorite him, but mebbey that's only becoz all the grate men like Lincoln and Gladstone had favorite him."

So every Sunday after he gets a clean shave and Explains to the Masseter that the rite way to pronounce his fruit name is Sessel he sings:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
If there's enny gold about
I must look around and see
How to crowd the others out.
Let the water and the blood
Flow in rivers if they must;
England flies the battles while
I keep heapin' up the dust.

Over a cemetery gate, some one wrote,
"Here lie the dead, and here the living lie!"

Talking of cemeteries reminds me of epitaphs. What a volume might be written of quaint, curious, pathetic, yes, and comical epitaphs! How much blarney, and fut-tan, and falsehood may be found upon tombstones? How fortunate that it is the custom to put the name of the deceased upon the stone, otherwise it would often be possible to recognize the sleeper from the inappropriate and unmerited inscription.

Shakespeare's epitaph is a supplication, blessing, and curse combined:
"Good friend, for Dean's sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones!"

On a tomb-stone in Europe may be read this epitaph:

"She who lies beneath this stone,
Died of constancy alone.
Fear not I approach, O passer-by,
Of naught contagious did she die."

Here is one that is somewhat laudatory:
"Underneath this stone doth lie
A much more virtuous as could die;
Which in life did with pleasure
To more virtues than doth live."

I know of no more beautiful epitaph than this, found in the catacombs of Rome, these subterranean burying places of the Eternal City. It is in Latin:

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"Conquered Pisanian"

Do Qua Nihil Alaud Doluit Est Nisi Mortem."

Which is, being freely interpreted:

"To a Most Faithful Wife Who Never Gave Her Husband Pain Until She Died."

Another in Devonshire, Eng., reads thus:

"She was—but words are wanting to say what."

Think what a woman should be—she was that!"

Underneath which an irreverent wag scribbled:

"A woman should be both a wife and mother;"

But Hannah Jones was neither one nor the other!"

An epitaph should be grave and solemn, but this one, in an Irish graveyard is neither. It is inscribed upon the tomb of Shiel, the Irish orator:

"Here lie I. There's an end of my woes, And my spirit at length at ease; With the tip of my nose, and the ends of my toes"

Turned up to the roots of the daisies."

Nor are they always civil, as this will show.

"Reader, pass on. Don't waste your time On bad biography, and doggerel rhyme, Nor what I am, this crumbling grave insures; And what I was, is no affair of yours!"

Dave Barker of Maine, author of "The Sleeveless Coat," and several other exquisite poems, was both a wag and a poet. Frank Hill, his brother-in-law, proposed that they should unite in laying out a burial-place for the families. When it was finished Hill requested the poet to compose an inscription for the gate-way. In due time Barker produced the following, which I believe was not put upon the arch:

"Within these grounds, Beneath these mounds, Free from life's cares and ills Down in the grass Lie many knaves; The Barkers and the Hills!"

The following is a Scotch epitaph:

"Here lie I, Martin Eigelbrod, Have mercy on me, O Lord God, As I would do, if I were God, And Thou wert Martin Eigelbrod?"

The following was proposed for Mr. Charles Knight's, the Shakespearean critic:

"Good Knight!"

And this is the epitaph of that eminent lawyer, Sir John Strange:

"Here lies an honest lawyer—that is Strange!"

This has one merit; it is short.

"Thorpe's Corpse."

A PLEASANT DUTY.—"When I know anything worth of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it," says Rev. Jas. Murdoch, of Hamburg, Pa. Dr. Agnew's cathartic powder has cured me of catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes. I would not be without it in the house.—82. C. Blakely.

ADVANCE IN MANILA.

MANILA, Jan. 11.—Reports from the movements of the American command south of Manila show Gen. Bates and Gen. Wheaton at Perez Diaz Marinas and Gen. Schwan at Silang, all awaiting the arrival of provision wagons. Reconnaissance have shown that 2,000 armed insurgents have retired to the mountains from the district between Indang and Maig, and that others have retreated along the coast from Novleta toward Batangas.

Last night Nolan's squadron of the Eleventh cavalry drove a body of insurgents from Maig. One American was killed and two were wounded. Thirteen dead Filipinos were found. The movement largely resembles Gen. Schwan's experiences in the same country except that the towns are now being garrisoned and that the insurgents refuse to fight, retreating southward and dividing into small bands, with the apparent intention of reassembling later. The plan of catching a large number between two brigades has failed. About a hundred insurgents have been killed, but comparatively few arms have been taken.

The inhabitants of the islands of Leyte and Samar are suffering from lack of food resulting from the long blockade, the arbitrary confiscation of property and the levying of tribute by the so-called government of the Philippines. The governors of both islands are Tazologs who were appointed by Aguinaldo, and they hold the territories completely in their power, administering local affairs according to their own whims and are accountable to no one. They have armed forces which terrorize the peaceful inhabitants.

The rebel forces, on the other hand, have never lacked food or money. The inhabitants, driven to desperation by the necessity of having to pay four times the normal price for food stuffs, organized against insurgent depredations; but, having no arms, they were unable to resist their oppressors.

IN CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—A spirited and at times sensational debate was precipitated in the Senate to-day on the Philippine question, the basis for the speechmaking being a resolution of inquiry offered several days ago by Mr. Pettigrew of South Dakota, to which substitutes were proposed. Mr. Pettigrew's resolution was the administration's policy in the Philippines and also made some startling charges against those who were supporting the administration. He declared that a systematic effort was being made to prevent accurate information from reaching the people of the United States and that it was a political scheme to further the candidacy of Mr. McKinley for re-nomination and re-election. The discussion was terminated by a resumption of the consideration of the currency bill at two o'clock. Mr. Stewart of Nevada made an elaborate speech on the question of the national finances.

WEE KITTY KENYON.

When Tom Ainslie's cousin Maude announced her engagement to Williams, the rich leatherman's son, everyone gasped and then said: "Wonder how Tom likes it?"

Tom wondered a little himself. He had been devoted to his cousin Maude, ever since he could remember, in fact, and he had always had a vague idea that at some indefinite time they might "make it a go together." It would have been a convenient thing for them both, for she would have brought Clifton back into the family, and Tom had the money she lacked.

"But I wasn't worth while," sighed Tom to himself pityingly, leaning back in his chair and stretching his long legs out to ward the fire. "I'm satisfied that 'don't feel worse. Always was fond of Maude, and it would have been a nice thing all around. Hope Williams is all right for her. Always fancied the beggar myself. And it seems I'm to be last man. Really nuisance; all girls and frocks and wedding cake. I'll have to go through with it, though, for Maude's sake. And little Kitty Kenyon is to be maid of honor. She has never been decent to me; seems to bear me a grudge. Little Kitty Kenyon," and Tom sighed again and pulled his cigarette.

The wedding was to take place at once, and a church rehearsal, with a supper at the bride's home, had been planned for the evening before. Tom arrived at the last moment, just in time to reach the altar as the procession came into the church. First the ushers, then the six bridesmaids, who walked stately, and with the weight of nations on their shoulders. Tom's eyes twinkled as he watched them. On they came, these pretty girls, sobered beyond their usual wont.

"First time in her life Elsie Yates hasn't danced alone," Tom thought. "That Ash-ton girl is so ugly. O, by the way—Tom's eyes were fastened upon the small figure of a girl walking alone. Such a pretty girl, with great black eyes, that sparkled, and such a graceful girl, swaying slightly, in time to the stately music. She glanced up as she neared him, and a demure look of exaggerated pity came into her eyes. Then she had passed him, and taken her place near the bride.

"Little wretch," thought Tom, biting his lips, "I always seem to strike her as a joke."

The short rehearsal was over, and Tom was walking down from the altar with the tiny maid of honor at his side.

"You're so fat," Tom said, hardly making you hear me, Miss Kenyon. I have attempted it three times, and you are utterly oblivious."

She glanced up at him quickly.

"O, no, only said, Miss Ainslie. I am so sorry for you. You bear up so wonderfully well, too. If you want to cry a little, walk behind that pillar, and I'll excuse you to the rest. Just for three minutes. No? Don't need it? You can stand it a trifle longer."

"What have I ever done to you, Miss Kenyon? I'm an innocent individual who never do any wronging harm. Will not your kind and pitying heart speak for one who is any anxious to let you walk on him? And who only succeeds in rousing your nasty, evil little temper?" said Tom, in a distinctly melodramatic manner.

She looked at him serenely for an instant. "Stuff and nonsense," she said, and ran off to Maude, who was calling her.

He managed to secure the chair next her at supper, though Sheldon had his hand upon the back of it, and scowled darkly at Tom when he sat down. Miss Kenyon looked up with a little smile.

"O, so you are feeling kind toward me, now, are you not?" he said, bending over her with the devoted air he had toward women.

"Because I want to ask you a question, and I want you to answer it seriously. You will? Well, why do you not like me?"

The girl gave him a curious little smile, and her lashes fluttered a moment. Then she answered, looking straight at him:

"You have too much of the 'Conquering Hero' air about you."

"I didn't know that," said Tom, meekly.

"Can't you help me to change it? Because I like you, you know," in a low voice, "very, very much."

He was staring at her hard, and saw the rose tint deepen in her cheek. She turned her shoulder toward him.

"Mr. Sheldon," she called, "you are neglecting me shamefully. Won't you come over here beside me? Mr. Ainslie is just leaving." She glanced at Tom out of the corners of her eyes.

Sheldon sat down with a radiant smile, but she glanced at him with a frown, and the radiant smile was gone. Miss Kenyon evidently did not feel like talking.

All next day Tom could not get her out of his mind. He was angry. "The impudence of her," he thought to himself, and resolved to ignore her completely. But when he stood with the bridegroom in the big church last afternoon and saw her come toward him in her lovely white frock, his heart gave a queer little turn, and then seemed to stand still. In the quick glance he had of her, he thought she looked a little pale, but so pretty, so wonderfully pretty. As she passed him she looked up at him a moment, but Tom's eyes were fixed above her head, and he never glanced at her.

All during the reception and supper it was the same. His eyes never seemed to rest upon her, although he was wildly aware of Sheldon's devotion.

But after the excitement of the bride's departure had died away, and almost all but the house party had gone, Tom came up to her as she stood talking to Sheldon. His manner was as cool as it could be.

"May I see you a moment, Miss Kenyon?" he said quietly, looking at Sheldon.

"Mr. Sheldon will excuse me?" said the girl, which Sheldon did, with as pleasant an expression as he could muster.

They walked through the long drawing-room to the little rose reception-room under the stairs. It was quite deserted.

"I wish to apologize," she said, "if I offended you last night. It is perhaps needless to assure you that it was unintentional. Will you pardon me?" He stood before her, stiff and straight, with his blonde head well up.

The girl was picking a rose to pieces. Her fingers trembled a little.

"I am sorry if I was rude to you last night," she said. "I assure you it was unintentional on my part, but I was sorry after I had done it."

Tom moved quickly. "Do you care for that fellow?" he said. "Sheldon?"

"No," she whispered, her eyes downcast.

He hesitated a moment.

"Could you ever care for me, little one?" he said, wistfully. "Because you know I love you, dear. So much, so much. I can't let you be so hard on me, and his voice broke a little. "Couldn't you try to love me just a little?"

She looked up with a mischievous little smile.

"You are not the least little bit of a 'Conquering Hero' new," she said, and he took her into his arms.

Mr. Sheldon did not attend the wedding.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

"Digests what you eat."

Good Cookery

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NURSERY COOKERY.

THE SMALL CHILD'S DIET.

By Christine Terhune Herriek.

(Continued from last week.)

The question of giving fresh fruits to children of four or five years of age requires a little attention. If apples, pears or peaches are given they must be thoroughly ripe and should, of course, be peeled before the child eats them. Oranges should be freed from the white inner skin, and the seeds must be removed from grapes. Stewed fruits, as prunes or other dried fruit, must be cooked until very tender. Apple sauce is always excellent, especially for any one who has a tendency towards constipation.

Three meals a day are perhaps all that the five year old child really needs. But if he breakfasts between seven and eight in the morning and is active in habit, he will feel the need of something to bridge the interval between the first and second meals of the day. A cracker or a slice of bread and butter and a glass of milk at about 11 o'clock will not come amiss and will prevent the child striving to satisfy his hunger with less wholesome articles of food. At this period of between two and three hours after a meal the stomach is in a condition where it absorbs the milk by capillary attraction so that it goes at once to the blood, instead of first being converted into a curd and going through the regular processes of digestion as it does when the stomach is entirely empty.

The fact that the child has—or should have—twenty teeth by the time he reaches his fifth year, permits him to have a quite extended dietary. For his dinner he may begin, as hitherto, with a soup, and this may be followed by underdone steak or chops, roast beef or mutton or lamb, or chicken roast, broiled or stewed, or roast turkey. With this may come a couple of vegetables. One of these may be green, as peas, string beans or spinach, the other starchy, as potatoes, rice or macaroni. As a rule, children of this age should abstain from canned foods. A judicious variety should be chosen, that the child may not, by monotony, take a distaste to any one vegetable. Such a variety is easily obtained and will be welcome to the grown-ups, who make the children's dinner their own luncheon.

BAKED HOMINY.

Into a cupful of boiled small hominy pour a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar and half as much salt. Add to them one egg, beaten light, and a full cupful of milk. When all are well mixed turn into a greased pudding dish and bake covered half an hour. Uncover and brown.

SWEET POTATO PUFF.

Boil sweet potatoes, and when tender pass them through a colander or vegetable press. To two cupfuls of the potato thus prepared add an egg, beaten light, a cupful of milk, a heaping tablespoonful of butter and a little salt. Bake in a greased pudding dish to a light brown.

After the solid part of the dinner there may be a light pudding. When there has been a preponderance of starchy dishes early in the meal the dessert should be fresh or stewed fruit, a junket or something of a similar character. Rice, cornstarch and bread puddings should be served when such vegetables as cauliflower, spinach, stewed celery, tomatoes and the like have been in the majority.

BREAD AND APPLE PUDDING.

Line a greased pudding dish, one with straight sides, with slices of buttered bread from which the crust has been trimmed. Peel tart apples, chop them into small pieces, and fill the space in the middle of the dish with this, sprinkling them liberally with sugar.

If you choose, you may add a little cinnamon. Put a few bits of butter over the top. Bake in the oven till the apple is thoroughly cooked. If the dish has been well packed and cooked, the pudding will turn out upon a platter almost like a mould of jelly. It may be eaten hot with a hard sauce or with butter and sugar.

For the child's supper, the same food may be provided as when he was younger, bread and milk, bread and cocoa, cereal and milk, milk toast. Once in a while a bowl of some good cream soup will make a pleasant change, or there may be given a dish of tomato toast instead of milk toast.

TOMATO TOAST.

Toast rather thick slices of stale bread, and trim off the crust. Have a pan standing by containing a little hot milk and into this dip each slice of toast before laying it in a pudding dish. When this has been done butter the pieces and sprinkle a little salt over them.

Have ready a half cupful of tomato sauce, made by draining the liquor from stewed tomatoes and thickening a half pint of it with a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour. Pour the sauce over the toast, cover it and set it in the oven for five minutes before sending to table.

Even at a tender age a child may exhibit marked tastes and distastes for certain articles of food. If one could accept the old postulate that what one likes will not disagree with one, the converse might stand good, and the child be allowed to reject a food he did not relish. It is, however, a mistake to permit this.

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